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ALONZO S. WEED,
Publishing Agent,
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NOW.

BY HON. J. E. DAWLEY.

A delicate, gossamer thread,
Too fine for us to see,
Is running along the lines of time,
And into eternity.

As fall our regretful tears
Into the soundless sea,
Joy may cry on the face of love
With a blush for you and me.

The tones of the village bell,
Up in the old church tower,
And the tick, tick, of the mantel clock,
Tell of the passing hour.

Dimpled with rosy smiles,
Or sobered by sorrow's tears,
Time is, time was, has been the song—
The sounding song of the years.

The yesterdays, cloudy or clear,
Forever from us have fled;
And we catch the breath of the fragrant past,
Though the blossoming vine be dead.

Life's gossamer thread is running
The past and the present through,
And the dot of time, the little now,
Is hanging between the two.

With promises sweet and fair
The future may seem to be,
But little they matter, the now is all
That is left for you and me.

Live not on what you have done,
Nor plans for the morrow lay,
With head and hand, and heart and mind,
Work Godward and manward to-day!

CONSTANTINOPLE.

BY REV. JOHN LINDSAY, D. D.

SECOND PAPER.

We were hardly comfortably settled at our hotel in Pera, when we began to arrange for a visit to St. Sophia.

We walked down the steep street that leads to the Golden Horn, and after crossing the bridge, found ourselves in Siambul, the Turkish city proper. We did not tarry long to look at the motley scenes the streets presented, for we were all longing to enter the great mosque whose glittering dome and minarets, with their gilded crescents, had been seen when far out on the Sea of Marmora, as we approached the city the evening before.

The exterior is plain, and not especially attractive. The various buildings attached to it mar the symmetry of the structure. We take off our boots on entering the vestibule, and with slippers fed pass into the main building. The first view is most imposing. You walk along the mat-covered pavement, and as you look up to the central dome and the half domes that surround it, you are amazed at their airy lightness, for they seem almost to float in mid-air. It was hardly extravagant in the Byzantine poet to say they appeared as if suspended from heaven by invisible cords.

The central dome is one hundred and seven feet in diameter, rising one hundred and eighty-five feet from the pavement. The mosque covers an area of more than two acres, but when you are in the interior, so perfect are its proportions, so varied its style, that you can hardly believe it is of such vast extent. Ascending to the gallery, and looking over the balustrade on the pavement below, and then turning the gaze to the airy domes above—taking in the full extent of the vast proportions and perfect symmetry of the building—we can appreciate the statement of Ferguson, when he says he doubts whether there is any Christian church, of any age, whose interior is so beautiful as this marvelous creation of Byzantine art.

From the gallery we looked down upon the varied scene below. Here, devout worshippers praying toward Mecca. In another part of the mosque there was a group of veiled women listening to an old man reading the Koran; and there is a company of boys reciting to an *imam*. Solemn Moslems jostled by irreverent sight-seers who are moving about with note-book in hand. In the corner of the apse is the pulpit or reading-desk up into which the Khatib goes to read the Koran, with a drawn sword in his hand, to indicate that the place was taken in conquest.

The first vestibule, when the mosque was a Christian church, was called Narthex, and in it those who were subjects of church discipline were obliged to stay during service until restored by penitence. Here, too, tarried the catechumens until after baptism. The second vestibule had sixteen gates of bronze adorned with crosses, which the Turks have mutilated. The spaces between the gates are covered with beautiful marble.

In the dome is inscribed, in beautiful letters, some of them ten yards in length, that verse of the Koran which reads, "God is the light of the heavens and the earth." During the nights of the Ramadan, the Mohammedan Lent, the verse is lighted by a thousand lamps.

A feeling of sadness comes over the Christian traveler as he thinks of the wondrous history of this magnificent

edifice which stands on the foundation that were laid by the first Christian emperor. For in the year in which the council of Nicea was opened (325 A. D.), Constantine prepared to build the Church of Divine Wisdom, Agia Sophia. Thirteen years later the building was enlarged by Constantine's son. This edifice was burned during the tumults occasioned by the exile of Chrysostom's adherents. It was rebuilt during the reign of Theodosius the Second, but was again burned during the contests of the Blue and Green factions of the Hippodrome.

The emperor Justinian rebuilt it from the foundations. He gathered materials for its adornment from almost every accessible quarter. White Phrygian marble with rose-colored stripes, green marble from Laconia, blue from Libya, red granite and blue porphyry from Egypt, all combined to produce that brilliant effect which only Byzantine art can attain.

Justinian laid many heathen shrines under contribution. From the Temple of the Sun at Baalbek came eight of the columns. Eight are said to have been taken from the temple of Diana at Ephesus. The temples of Isis and Osiris, and of Pallas, at Athens, furnished others. Pergamun sent porphyry urns that were filled with the consecrated water for Christian baptism. The walls were adorned with richest mosaics of gold and precious stones. At its consecration, the emperor, in admiration of the surpassing beauty of the structure, exclaimed, "Glory to God who has judged me worthy to complete this work!"

Grand as the mosque now is, it can scarcely give any adequate conception of the magnificence of the structure when it was dedicated as the Church of Divine Wisdom. The conquerors have left the marble columns untouched. The lofty dome still hangs unharmed in mid-air; the vast proportions of the sacred edifice the ruthless victors could not diminish; but the varied beauty that Byzantine art put upon its walls, has been obliterated. The mosaic pictures are covered with a coating of lime. The high altar, with its costly and elaborate ornamentation, has been destroyed. The mosque, instead of the brilliant elegance of a St. Mark's, has almost the severe plainness of a Protestant cathedral.

The Church, from its consecration under Justinian down to the time when Mohammed the Second struck his bloody hand on one of its columns, was the cathedral of the empire and the scene of most impressive transactions. On the night before the fall of his capital, Constantine Palaeologus, last of the Byzantine emperors, with a few chosen followers, entered the church, knelt before the cross, and with sad forebodings of his fate, prayed that he might die as became a Christian knight. He partook of the sacrament, and turning to the company, said, "I ask forgiveness if I have wronged any one in thought or deed."

The next day, when the Turk was thundering at the walls of the city with his heavy artillery, multitudes fled for refuge to the church. Twenty thousand men and women, of all ranks, filled the building. The church vestibule and galleries were all crowded. The doors were barred, and all anxiously awaited the result of the contest. Some ascended to the inner gallery of the dome and watched the advancing foe. On they came, plundering, ravishing, burning. The conqueror at the head of his restless troops rode into the sacred place, trampling under his horses' hoofs the helpless throng. He forced his way through the living mass till he reached the high altar. He sprang from his horse, and cried out, "There is no God but God, and Mohammed is his prophet!" The high altar with its costly ornaments was broken to fragments. The statues were all thrown down, and the crosses shattered in pieces.

There is a legend that at the time when the savage soldiery broke into the church, a priest was solemnizing the holy sacrament before the high altar. With the cup in one hand, and the consecrated bread in the other, he ascended to the gallery, and passed through a door, which, closing behind him, seemed to form a part of the wall. His pursuers knocked at the closed door, but it was immovable. No man, even, could force a passage through it. The legend goes on to say that the candles faint, low chanting is heard, as if from within the solid walls, and when St. Sophia becomes a Christian Church, the priest will come forth and complete the service so rudely interrupted centuries ago.

Christianity claims that our hearts should be shared by nothing else, and that not only the desires, but the whole mind should be pure. It calls for the expulsion of all foreign elements from our nature, and insists upon an absolute intolerance of everything inconsistent with its principles and the Word of God. — *Hewbner*.

A WOLLASTON LETTER.

BY REV. MARK TRAFTON, D. D.

The busy and pressing demands of the season leave little time for the exercise of the pen, and the more attractive out-of-door exercise, less inclination.

The garden must be planted, the chickens looked after, and the lawn clean-shaven once a week. I have indulged in the luxury of a "lawn mower," and that fact recalls an event in the life of "our mutual friend," the editor of our HERALD. He will doubtless put me under penance for telling the story, but I shall endure that.

Our illustrious chief owns a fine place in Newton, of which he is excessively proud. A fine lawn, studded with trees, evergreen and deciduous, sweeps around the mansion. To keep this in order, to shear the springing grass, and create an attractive lawn, he must needs have a "lawn mower." He had seen the pretty vignette of the company—a little maid in short dress, with a jaunty hat, and curls falling about her rounded shoulders, tripping across a lawn, and pushing a 12-inch cutter apparently as easily as she would propel a baby cart.

"Ah! that's it," he says; "it will be a huge relief from the labor of pushing the pen to pushing a lawn mower; and then it combines the *dulce* and the *utile*, to spend an hour in the beautiful summer twilight, my wife sitting on the veranda watching my agile motions as I trip the light, fantastic toe, to and fro, and show her how the farmers mow."

So the machine was ordered, and the expressman dropped a 14-inch mower, Philadelphia manufacture, at his door one evening. He (the editor) looked over the directions for using: "Oil every fifteen minutes, and move with a quick step back and forth over the lawn." "Oil every fifteen minutes!" mused our editor; "a quick step!" The little girl seems very deliberate about it. This oiling so often would seem to imply friction, and to overcome friction implies expenditure of force ("our editor is something of a philosopher; and this is a drain on muscular energy. However, a little child is equal to it, and I can do it.")

So after tea our mower quietly walks out, saying nothing to his wife of piazza or books, to amuse himself awhile alone, mowing. The laws of association recall something he had read when at school: "Hark! what sound is that? It is a mower whetting his scythe; he is going to cut down the grass and all the beautiful flowers." "No whetting of scythes now, but 'move with a quick step' (double-quick, they should have said), and 'oil every fifteen minutes,'" he said, as he set down his oil-can, looked at his repeater, and started the rattling plaything.

Within the house, the seconds lengthened to minutes, the darkness was fast gathering, the evening lamps were lighted, and still the accustomed seat was vacant. The good wife grew anxious as the gloom without deepened, and with true wifely anxiety she goes out to ascertain what keeps the good man from his evening paper.

She steps out upon the lawn, and calls, "Bradford!" but echo alone responds, "Bradford!" She sees an object on the ground at a little distance, and hurrying to it, finds her spouse prone and unconscious. She calls to the man at the stable, who comes running to the spot, takes him in his arms, and bears him into the house, laying him upon a lounge, and then begins to chafe his hands, while the good wife bathes his temples with camphorated spirits. Soon he opens his eyes and attempts to speak. His anxious wife, putting her ear close to his lips, asks, "What is it, my dear?" Faintly he murmurs, "Oil every fifteen minutes!"

It is needless to add that our editor takes that kind of exercise by proxy, and Hibernian muscles supply the force to meet the demands of the machine. But should a reader of this happen into the office of the HERALD, pray do not mention a lawn mower.

I have tried it, and it is much more like work than play, and after pushing it for an hour, one appreciates the words painted on the handle—"Oil often."

Moral: Do not procure a lawn mower as a plaything. Get a wood-saw.

Wollaston is in her sumptuous summer attire. The trees, the fields, the gardens, rejoice in their fresh dresses. While the dresses are new as to fabric, the fashion, I observe, does not change. Nature seems content with her first design. Wonderful nature! wonderful in variety, and equally so in uniformity. The leaves of my trees, in form and color, are a reproduction of the last season. Spontaneously the vile weeds spring from the earth, though I took all possible pains to prevent their seeding last autumn. Where do they come from? No vegetable, no fruit of any kind, springs up of itself, or matures without careful cultivation; and

so tender and sensitive, too! A drouth, a slight frost, and down go their heads, and no attention or nursing can restore them. But these effects of a curse, or something else, with most unblushing effrontery, lift up their disgusting heads, and against all hints of hoe, or frost, cold or drouth, push themselves among their betters and insist on remaining. This, to me, a greater mystery than any theological twist I ever encountered. Will some of our learned professors take some leisure hour and solve it?

And then everything has an enemy somewhere, in some form, that "retains to plague it." I saw my gooseberry bushes assuming a plucked appearance, and, on inspection of them, found a black worm of half an inch in length rapidly stripping them of their foliage. I at once gave them a sprinkling of potato-bug poison, which, while it had no effect on the latter pest, put those marauders into a deep sleep.

I cut down, last fall, four or five apricot trees, as I could get no fruit from them, as that miserable pest, the curculio, bit them, and they all perished. I have two fine plum trees, but could ripen no fruit. This year I got ahead of them. I saw in my *Agriculturist* that coal ashes thrown into the branches about the time of the fall of the blossom, would scatter the curculio, and save the plums. I got my ashes ready, and waited the coming foe. One warm day they came—a countless host—and settled upon the young fruit. I pitched in scoopful on scoopful of ashes, and in a few moments victory declared for the ashes, and not a fly remained. Every few days since the pitched battle, I give them a sprinkling of ashes in the early morning, and my trees are filled with well-set plums. But next fall I shall be more fully settled on the question of ashes as a remedy for curculio.

Last year I made a special effort to preserve my potatoes from the detestable bug, and by going over the patch twice a day with a pan and brush, I succeeded in saving the crop. The agricultural papers said, "Get your potatoes in early, and they will get out of the way of the pest." Well, I put my seed potatoes in boxes of earth long before the ground was prepared, and then when up some inches, transplanted them.

I chuckled over my plan, and fancied the stinging disappointment of the striped scamps when they should appear and find my crop harvested. What was my indignation when one morning I found a drove of the yellow-backed scoundrels quietly feeding upon the young leaves, when it was so cold as to give a rheumatic limp to the rascals as they crawled over the vines. There is no remedy but that of the Dutchman. He invented and advertised an infallible remedy for the squash bug. A Yankee called for it, and inquired how it was to be applied. "Well," said Mynheer, "you catch the bug in your fingers, and just put little of his on his head, and he die right off."

"Catch him in my fingers?" replied the late Yankee; "of course if I have him in my fingers I can kill him with your poison." "Well," replied the inventor, "dash good day, too." Sweep them into a tin pan and incinerate them, is the sure remedy.

[The above is a characteristic flight of the author's lively fancy; we cannot vouch for the entire correctness of all the facts stated, but hesitate to spoil a good story by any material correction. — *ED. HERALD.*]

EARLY RUSSIAN HISTORY.

BY J. T. PAYNE, M. D.

FIRST PAPER.

Russia, that great empire which is now attracting the attention of the world, has an area of more than eight millions of square miles, embracing one-third of Europe and Asia, and a population of fully ninety million souls. In order to rightly understand the questions of the present day, it is essential to have a little knowledge of the history of Russia. The earliest traces of that vast empire show that the primitive inhabitants were Finns in the north, Slavonians in the middle districts, and Scythians in the south. Linked to these nations were numerous tribes or races, and among them were the Russes, whence comes the name of Russia that we now know so well.

These peoples of the far-away North were much given to warfare, and the early centuries of their history are stained by records written in blood. Rurik is the name of a chieftain who was so successful in battle that he conquered neighboring warriors, acquired lands, and made himself ruler over a territory known as Novgorod, and was able to lay the foundation of the Russian empire.

Rurik, after repelling invaders and crushing rebellious subjects, besides winning many victories in the field, died after a reign of fifteen years, and left his government to his infant son, Igor, who was placed in the care of Oleg. When the boy grew to man's estate he

did not claim his heritage at once, and was nearly forty years of age when he ascended his throne. Oleg ruled in his stead, from 879 to 912—a period of thirty-three years—and moved the seat of government from Novgorod to Kiev, where it remained during three and a half centuries. It is worth noting, that Oleg had but one idea, and that was the aggrandizement of his country, a policy that has been followed by many of his successors, even to the present day.

Igor received his empire greatly strengthened by the rule of his skillful, but sometimes unscrupulous, predecessor. Igor reigned from 912 to 945, and at his death, his queen, Olga, became regent and guardian of his heir. She conducted the affairs of State during thirteen years, and was the first of Russian rulers to renounce paganism and embrace Christianity, which she did at Constantinople. The Greek emperor and empress assisted at the baptism of this renowned convert by becoming her sponsors. Olga joined the Greek Church and introduced Christianity among her people. But to her great sorrow, her son, Sviatoslav, who was a valiant and much-loved soldier, who reigned from 957 to 972, as her successor, hated Christianity and worshipped the pagan deities. At the time of his death he left his throne to his three sons, who fought eight years for the right of succession. Vladimir, the youngest of the brothers, called "the Great," prevailed, and held the throne during a period of fifteen years. He married Anne, the sister of the Greek emperor, and he and twenty thousand of his subjects were baptized by immersion and joined the Greek Church.

Russia, thereafter, belonged to the patriarchate of Constantinople, and even to the present day, Christianity, according to the Greek ritual, is the national religion. Vladimir was a man in advance of his own age, and he did much for the enlightenment and advancement of his rude people, by destroying idols and building churches with a free hand throughout his dominions. He died in 1015, and left his vast empire to his seven sons, who carried on, for eleven years, a bloody warfare with each other for the possession of the throne. At the end of that time, two of the brothers, Maslala and Jaroslav, assumed the government, and conducted its affairs amicably for ten years, when the former died, leaving as sole sovereign, Jaroslav, who ruled the country till the year 1054. He was a wise governor and did much for the spread of education and Christianity in those dark days. He was merciful and just, and was the first ruler to give Russia a code of humane laws. Under his direction the Bible was translated into Slavonic, and his daughters became queens of Norway, France, and Hungary, while he assisted other relatives to form brilliant matrimonial alliances. At his death, he divided his empire between his five sons, who began at once to contend for the mastery.

There is but little interest attaching to the rulers of the next one hundred and eighty years, during which period seventeen princes were occupants of the throne. One name, however, looks bright amid the darkness of that superstitious and barbaric period. Vladimir II was crowned in 1114, and reigned till the year 1126. No stain rests on the name of this great and good man. Before his death he wrote some maxims for his children that might be printed with profit in these days of war, murder, and capital punishment. "Put to death," he said, "neither the innocent nor the guilty; for nothing is more sacred than the life and soul of a Christian." "My dear children, praise God and love men."

Mstislav was his son, and succeeded to the throne and ruled six years, displaying the inherited virtues of his father, and of his mother, Gyda, who was the daughter of Harold, the last Saxon king of England.

Now comes a page of chaos in the history of Russia. One prince grasped the sceptre only to have it torn from his hands by a stronger contestant; and during a period of a third of a century, the empire was filled with fratricidal strife. No less than thirteen princes during that time sat on the throne. Rurik seemed to be on every side. The Poles invaded the empire during this unsettled state of affairs, but their punishment has been severe and has been continued for hundreds of years.

In 1237 the Tartars invaded Russia under Ghengis Khan, and overran and finally conquered the country. Not till the period of the rule of Alexander Nevsky, from 1252 to 1262, was any emperor able to cope with the invaders. It was this great monarch and good man who drove back the Swedes, Germans, and other foes who attempted to dismember the empire.

He was followed by Ivan III, called also, "the Great," who reigned from 1462 to 1505. Ivan was a powerful ruler, and was the first of his line to assume the title of Czar, which means supreme authority. Ivan married, as his second wife, Sophia, the daughter

of Constantine, the last of the Greek emperors. When the Turks captured Constantinople, the seat of the Byzantine empire, Sophia fled to Rome, whence she was called, and not in vain, to share the Muscovite throne with Ivan. Perhaps it was in honor of her protection at Rome that the emperor placed upon his standard the two-headed eagle, which has ever since been regarded by all the Russians as the emblem of supreme power.

Sophia was a haughty princess, and besides introducing in the north the ceremonies and luxurious ways of the oriental court of her father, she set her face like flint against the ideas of acknowledging and paying tribute to the great Khan. Through her influence, Ivan, who was an ambitious man, threw off the yoke of the Eastern ruler, and made his country free from external political interference. The overthrow of Constantinople and the destruction of the Byzantine empire did not make Sophia love the Turks, who had done the mischief; and thus was planted in the breast of the Russian house a hatred that has borne revengeful fruit for more than four centuries. The feeling of hatred and revenge gave place, at last, to a policy that is followed by Russia to-day, and it is nothing less than a firm determination to crush the Turkish power in Europe.

NO NIGHT IN HEAVEN.

BY REV. J. E. C. SAWYER.

It is not without a shade of sadness that a lover of the ocean reads the words, "And there was no more sea;" and so, also, there is much in the nights of earth that one would not wish to lose. The night has a beauty all its own. When the moon is riding in the sky, how clearly buildings, trees, and spars of vessels are outlined in the silver radiance! How mysterious the shadows! A few white clouds float in the heavens, and across the water lies a sparkling lane of light. The night of storm has a grandeur that thrills the imagination, and even the saddest of night's walling winds floats to us tender recollections that are unspeakably precious, notwithstanding a melancholy that almost breaks our hearts.

There is instruction in the night. We consider those great works of God whose distant splendor the glow of day conceals from us. The night is a fitting time for meditation. Like the Psalmist, we commune with our own hearts upon our beds, and are still. The silent reflections of the night put the doings of the day in perspective, and we see things in their right and eternal relations. When the sounds of earth are hushed, we hear the voices that call to us from heaven.

And yet the assurance that there shall be no night in our eternal home, is a most glorious and comforting promise. How bright it appears in contrast with the dreary utterances of heathen poets! Catullus sadly sings:—

"The sun that sets, again will rise,
And give the day, and glid the skies,
But when we lose our little light,
We sleep in everlasting night."

Even the old Hebrew idea of the state after death was that of a gloomy underworld, an enormous, sombre cavern in the heart of the earth. We hear Job saying, "I go whence I shall not return; even to the land of darkness and the shadow of death. A land of darkness as darkness itself; and of the shadow of death without any order, and where the light is as darkness."

The Christian believer is a child of light, and he shall have his home in endless day. French infidelity, in the last century, inscribed over the entrance to cemeteries, "Death is an eternal sleep." The heart of humanity revolts at the dreary sentiment, and clings to the light and immortality of the Gospel. David Hume, dying, felt that he was about to take "a leap in the dark." But that pure saint, Olympia Morck, could say, "I distinctly behold a place filled with ineffable light." Said Whitefield, in his last sermon, "I go to my everlasting rest. My sun has risen, and is setting—nay, it is about to rise and shine forever." Said Payson, with the celestial city full in view: "The Sun of Righteousness has been gradually drawing nearer and nearer, appearing larger and brighter as He approached, and now He fills the whole hemisphere, pouring forth a flood of glory in which I seem to float like an insect in the beams of the sun; exulting, yet almost trembling, while I gaze on this excessive brightness, and wondering with unutterable wonder why God should deign thus to smile upon a sinful worm."

The dying love the light. Many have asked in their last moments to be moved, or to have the curtain raised, that they might see the sun once more. Homer, with his usual perception of the heart of nature, makes Ajax pray, that "live or die, it may be in the light of day." Thus have prayed not only heroes and poets, but also plain people, ignorant and poor. The fever patient,

who for many days could not bear the light, will beg for the sunshine when the crisis has come and worn-out nature is too weak to rally. The promise of eternal day is fitted to an essential instinct of humanity.

Night is a time of peril. Wrecks, conflagrations, collisions, robberies, assassinations, occur mostly in the night. The pestilence walketh in darkness. No foes can scale the shining walls of heaven. All perils are passed when that home has been gained.

Night is a time of temptation. Then the wicked spread their snares to catch the unwary. In the city of God no tempters will ply their insidious arts. Its splendid thoroughfares have no haunt of vice or folly.

Night is a season of fear. Spectres of the imagination tenant its gloom. The watch on ship-board is doubly vigilant, and on the land sleepless sentinels not only look, but listen, for the stealthy approach of the foe. The pat's through the forest, by day so pleasant, is dreadful by night. The horror of darkness is not peculiar to children. The bright light of heaven will end all fears. There will be no darkness to trouble the most timid soul.

Night is the emblem of ignorance. Knowledge is characteristic of heaven. Here we know but in part; there we shall know as we are known. Death is the warder of the palace of wisdom.

Night is pre-eminently lonely. Business and pleasure may hide the hunger of the heart for the dear ones distant or dead; but when night comes, and they come not, how mournful the solitude! The mother cannot sleep for thinking of the little form that is under the sod, or the tall lad that has gone to try his fortune in the cold world. The stricken husband shudders at his bed-side.

"When he sees
A late-lost form that sleep reveals,
And moves his doubtful arms, and feels
Her place is empty."

But heaven will not be lonely. Jesus will comfort His people. And for most of us there are dear ones waiting. Even those left behind will soon rejoice us, and there will be no more parting. The dark wings of sorrow shall never shadow the homes of heaven. No garden there contains a grave. "And there shall be no night there; and they need no candle, neither light of the sun, for the Lord God giveth them light; and they shall reign forever and ever."

FROM OUR EXCHANGES.

The nation is proud of its 300,000 sleeping soldiers who gave their lives in defense of the Union. We might, with better reason, be proud that these graves never been made; for heroes living are more useful, more honorable to a republic than heroes dead. That vast army of brave ones were lost to the country—actually lost—though they saved it. Every day we feel the lack of them and the vast wealth that perished with their lives. It is only when we regard that slaughter as a great sacrifice, an atonement for our political waywardness and sin, that it seems any otherwise than a shameful squandering of life. It, indeed, taught us something of the worth of unity; it inspired the world with respect for our personal character. That it taught us much practical wisdom, cannot be doubted, but we are fast losing the lesson. The occasion of decorating the graves is an appropriate one for reviving that wisdom. If the orators of the day are alive to their duty, they will utter faithful and earnest words to the living as interpretations of voices from the graves, and the burden of that message will be, keep vigilant; for a nation is never safe when sleeping, war will ever come to vex us until we go where our heroes have gone, a land where there shall be no more war. — *Northern Christian Advocate.*

A recent celebrated forger in New York was one of the most faithful attendants upon the worship of a Christian sanctuary. For years, while he was setting his hand to the deeds for which he now lies in the penitentiary, he was repeating every Sabbath the prayers of an ancient Church; singing the songs which the voices of martyrs had hallowed; giving freely of his stolen goods to the benevolences of God's people; and, as he seems to have believed, loving rather to do deeds of charity than to hoard gold. It would be just like him, if that poor man really persuaded himself that his religious devotions would somehow offset his crimes. Yes; that is man as he is by nature. Such are we all, but by the grace of God. Our very consciences become torturers and serpents under the wiles of sin, till we verily think we can mock God with impunity. Oh, how idiotic we become, when we make Satan our ally! — *Sunday School Times.*

Men do not give as God has prospered them, because they do not give systematically. It is a fact, the more we have the less we give. System is easier with little than with much. The man of thousands squanders, and his indulgences, grown into necessities, leave him little to spare. — *F. W. Robertson.*

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

Second Quarter. Lesson XII.
June 23. 3 Chron. xxxvi, 22, 23.

BY REV. W. O. HOLWAY, U. S. N.

DATE: B. C. 588.

CONTEMPORARIES: Kings—Cyrus (Medo-Persians), Darius (Athens), Tarquin (Rome), Prophets—Daniel.

CONNECTION: Our lesson follows quite closely after the last, with two or three years' interval. Darius reigned two years, and on his death (a. c. 536) Cyrus, who had been completing his conquests, became sole ruler of Babylon. The captivity of the Jews, reckoning from the first deportation in the fourth year of Jehoiachin (a. c. 606), had reached the limit specified by prophecy (Jer. 25: 11). The term of three-score and ten years had been fulfilled. Further, nearly two hundred years before, Isaiah had prophesied that the ruler who should rebuild Jerusalem, and lay again the foundations of the temple, should bear the name of Cyrus (Isa. 44: 28). The hour had arrived in which these predictions, uttered by different persons under widely differing circumstances, converged.

THE DECREE OF CYRUS.

I. The Outlook.
In the brief historical statement which sums up our lesson, no hint is given of the moral benefits of the captivity. To discover these, and learn the true political and religious status of the Jewish people at this era of their restoration, is our first duty.

1. The monarchy had perished. The returning Jews were led not by a king, but by a governor, a *satrap*, Zerubbabel, grandson of Jehoiachin. We meet with no king in Jewish history from Zedekiah's date until the usurpation of Herod, the Idumean. "The assumption of the royal title by the Ammonite princes," says Dr. W. Smith, "was only an addition of dignity to the head of a confessedly theocratic constitution." It will be remembered that the request for a king in the first place was regarded with disapproval, and granted "in wrath," as a departure from the fundamental principle on which the nation was founded; and although in His forbearance, God permitted and made use of this defection in forming His new covenant with David, the monarchy became a fruitful source of evil to the nation. The idolatrous practices and worldly pride for which God punished them by a seventy years' exile, were largely fostered by royal sympathy. After the captivity these evils, and their cause, disappeared.

2. Idolatry had perished. Their long captivity purged them from the abominations of the Phœnician, and Moabite, and Ammonite, and other types of false worship which had so long debased them. The Persian faith was simple, spiritual, and anti-polytheistic. When Cyrus entered Babylon he carried with him a pure monotheism. The Jews appear to have never adopted the Babylonian forms of worship, and the advent of the Persian religion, with its single supreme God, and its doctrine of the fall of man, and immortality, and a coming Redeemer, was doubtless very helpful in confirming the repentance and faith of the captives. "Idolatry was henceforth unknown; and the attempt of the Syrian kings to impose its practice, adorned the Jewish Church with a cloud of martyrs whose constancy confirms the many other proofs that the people had attained to a more spiritual faith." (See Isa. 57: 7; 99: 8.)

3. Tribal distinctions had perished. The pedigrees appear to have been kept up, but the old tribal names and jealousies seem to have vanished during the captivity. Just as the primitive name of "Hebrew" gave way to that of "Israel," or "Israelite," in the course of history, so these, in turn, gave way to the names of "Judean" or "Jew." "It was born on the day when they came out from Babylon," says Josephus, and the history, henceforth, is the history not of the Israelites, but of the Jews.

4. A ceremonialism, to a great degree, had perished. The splendor of Solomon's temple, with its august rites, was never fully restored. Only four, out of the twenty-four courses of the priests returned, and the temple of Zerubbabel was strikingly inferior in size and fittings to that of its predecessor; it lacked, too, the Shekinah, the visible symbol of Jehovah's presence. During the captivity, the synagogue, with its simple forms of worship, had taken the place of the temple, and became thenceforward a permanent institution; prayer, to a large degree, superseded rites and ceremonies; and, although the great Mosaic festivals were observed, the centralization of worship in Jerusalem alone, or in any local, exclusive place, received its death-blow. Shortly after the return, the Scriptures were collected into a "canon," and the multiplication of these sacred oracles replaced the prophet by the scribe. The Sabbath, too, for the desecration of which the people had been condemned, was, after a brief struggle, firmly rooted as a national observance.

5. To illustrate their moral and spiritual state, see Jer. 29: 10-14; and 30 and 31; Ezek. 36: 26-30; and 37; Dan. 9: Ps. 132: 14-24.

II. The King's Inspiration.

Thus prepared by the chastening of the captivity to be restored to their own land and their former privileges, the Jews waited only the signal of deliverance. It came, not from a lawgiver raised up in their midst, but from a heathen king. Cyrus (a. c. 538-529) felt his heart strangely drawn out towards these exiled Jews, who preserved their national coherence, and whose silent harps, hanging on the willows, bore mournful testimony that they could not "sing the Lord's song in a strange land." He was, doubtless, greatly impressed by the words and life-story of the venerable Daniel, and especially at being informed that in the Jewish sacred books he himself had been designated by name as the predicted restorer of this people, and builder of their temple.

"The Lord stirred up his heart" to accomplish this good purpose. It may be noted, in passing, that this selection of Cyrus as the instrument in a providential work, is not to be regarded as a guarantee of moral character. He was doubtless a favorable specimen of a barbarian conqueror, and, according to Xenophon (Cyrus), possessed many admirable qualities, but he was essentially a despot and a destroyer. "His history," says Dr. Smith, "proves that a king; but if we seek further for his likeness, we must look rather at Zinghis Khan or Timur than at the Cyrus of the Cypædia."

First year—of his sole rulership in Babylon. After Darius' death he kept the reins in his own hand. Cyrus—son of Cambyses, a Persian nobleman, and Mandane, daughter of Astyages, king of Media. He was exposed to death by Astyages' order, at his birth, but was preserved by Harpagus, a herdsman, and grew up a leader among the young men. A chieftain of the son of a Median nobleman brought him before Astyages for judgment, when his features and bearing betrayed his origin. After his accession to the throne of Persia, he destroyed his father-in-law, Astyages (the Darius of Babylon), and became ruler of the Medo-Persian empire. Word of the Lord—see Jer. 25: 11; 29: 10. Stirred up.—The medium in this case was doubtless Daniel, who continued to hold the place of favor in the Babylonian court. The Persian king was informed by him that he had been "honorably foretold" in the Jewish prophecies, and, for a glorious and glorious reason.

This extraordinary fact contributed greatly to move him, in addition to any special impulse which may have been communicated by the Divine Controller of events. (Compare 1 Chron. 7: 2; 2 Chron. 21: 16.)

III. The King's Proclamation.

The official document, if our text contains the whole of it, was brief and soldierlike. It was pervaded, too, by a deeply religious spirit. The conqueror reverentially ascribes his rulership over the kingdoms, not to his military genius, primarily, nor to the valor of his armies, but to the favor of that one Supreme Lord, which both Persian and Jew, worshiped under different names, alike worshiped. It is by His authority that he pronounces the decree of deliverance, and informs the captives that they are free to return.

"Who is there among you of all His people? The Lord his God be with him, and let him go up."

All the kingdoms.—Before the capture of Babylon the conquests of Cyrus embraced almost entire Asia from the Euphrates to the Indian Ocean. Afterward he penetrated into Egypt, and even into Ethiopia. Lord God of heaven.—In the Persian faith His name was Ormazd. Had given me.—A similar formula is found at the head of the great majority of Persian inscriptions. Charged me.—According to Jewish belief, a similar formula is found at the head of all His people—an invitation to the Jews in all parts of his empire.

Illustrative Truths and Incidents.

1. When God has work to do, they whom He hath chosen to perform it, find their minds enlarged to entertain noble designs (Scott).

2. Though it was seventy years from the first beginning of the captivity, it was only fifty since the destruction of Jerusalem (Smith).

3. Their neighbors made them liberal presents, besides freewill offerings for the Temple; and Cyrus caused his treasurer, Mithredath, to deliver the vessels of the Temple which Nebuchadnezzar had carried away, 5,400 in number, to Sheshbazzar, or Zerubbabel, the prince of Judah, who was the leader of the migration. Thus, as the Israelites found gold forth from the first captivity laden with the spoils of Egypt, so they returned from the second, enriched with the freewill offerings of Assyria, to be consecrated to the service of Jehovah (Smith).

4. The number forming the first caravan, whom Ezra reckons, amounts to 42,360, besides 7,367 men-servants and maid-servants. They had 736 horses, 245 mules, 435 camels, and 6,720 asses. They, no doubt, included many of the Ten Tribes. Those, however, who undertook the journey, were doubtless a considerable minority of the captives, who, as directed by Jeremiah, had settled down quietly in the land of their captivity, built houses, and planted vineyards. Some followed at a later period. Others remained behind, forming what was called the "Dispersion;" and how numerous were in all the provinces of the empire we see in the Book of Esther (Smith).

5. Two things are specially remarkable in this passage—the strongly-marked religious character, very unusual in heathen documents, and the distinctness with which it asserts the unity of God, and thence identifies the God of the Jews. Both of these points receive abundant illustration from the Persian cuneiform inscriptions, in which the recognition of a single supreme God, Ormazd, and the clear and constant ascription to Him of the direction of all mundane affairs, are leading features. In all the Persian documents of any length, the monarch makes the acknowledgment that "Ormazd had bestowed on him the empire." Every success that is gained is "by the grace of Ormazd." The name of Ormazd occurs in almost every other paragraph of the Behistun inscription. No public monuments with such a pervading religious spirit have ever been discovered among the records of any heathen nation as those of the Persian kings; and through all of them, down to the times of Artaxerxes Ochus, the name of Ormazd stands alone and unapproachable as that of the supreme Lord of earth and heaven (Rawlinson).

QUESTIONS FOR YOUNG THINKERS.

[For scholars between the ages of 13 and 16.]

1. How did the Jews in Babylon know that the time had come for their captivity to end? What two prophecies made this sure?

2. What was their political and moral condition at the end of the seventy years? What elements of discord and evil had perished?

3. What religious sympathy could the Persian have with the Jew? What common beliefs did they share?

4. In what sense did the Lord "stir up" the heart of Cyrus? What sort of a king was he?

5. How many people went back to Jerusalem in the first caravan? Who was their leader, and what office did he hold?

RELIGIOUS ITEMS.

Rev. Dr. A. Lowrey and family have arrived safe and well from Europe.

Rev. Samuel M. Isaacs, whose death occurred the 19th ult., was the oldest Jewish Rabbi in the State of New York, and editor of the Jewish Messenger.

Bishop Colenso will attend the Pan-Anglican Synod, which meets at Lambeth, July 2. He has been invited by the Archbishop of Canterbury, and has accepted the invitation.

The Congregational Publishing Society, this city, has had a prosperous year. The sales have amounted to \$63,114; the expenses were \$12,828, which is one-third less than the average expenses for ten previous years. There has been no loss or shrinkage of benevolent funds.

The American Bible Society is paying special attention to colportage work in the South. In Arkansas, for example, 86,000 families have been visited, and of these 24,000 were found destitute of the Scriptures.

The vacancy in the faculty of Chicago Theological Seminary, caused by the removal of Professor Bartlett to the head of Dartmouth College, is finally filled by the election of Rev. S. I. Curtis, a rare philologist and Biblical scholar.

The sum of \$30,000 has been received by the treasurer of the New York Presbyterian H. H. for the relief of the South. In Arkansas, for example, 86,000 families have been visited, and of these 24,000 were found destitute of the Scriptures.

The revival meetings under the direction of J. R. Wolfe, editor of the *Word of Truth*, at Music Hall, Charleston, have been very blessed of the Lord, not only in the conversion of souls, but in the temperance line. Between two and three hundred have signed the pledge, some of them very hard drinkers. Rev. I. H. La Fôre is the pastor in charge of this growing mission.

The W. F. M. Society of the M. E. Church have appropriated for the next fiscal year the sum of \$81,111, or, with exchange added, \$80,000. This is the largest sum ever raised by the organization, \$47,892. It supports 140 day schools, 4 orphanages, 9 boarding-schools, and 150 Bible women, and native female teachers. Its auxiliary societies number 2,302, and its members 50,187.

At the annual Commencement, May 16th, 1878, Central Tennessee College, at Nashville, conferred the title of D. D. upon Rev. Samuel Rose, book steward of the Canadian Methodist Church, Toronto, Canada. Dr. Rose is a minister of more than forty years' standing in the Toronto Conference, and has honorably filled many of the most responsible stations in that branch of our Methodism.

An unusual scene," says the *Christian Advocate*, "occurred at the Christian Street M. E. Church, Philadelphia, last evening, May 15. A gentleman stepped into the Sunday-school for a few moments during the afternoon, and was so powerfully convicted that he had no rest, and at once sent for the pastor, Rev. J. Y. Ashton. In the evening he came into the church accompanied by the wife of the pastor, and as they were about to sing, just before prayer, he arose and walked to the altar with outstretched arms and knelt there, and his preaching service was soon turned into a grand, old-fashioned Methodist prayer-meeting."

FROM OUR MISSION ROOMS.
Rev. Joel Oggood, our pioneer in interior Africa, has arrived at Boporo. Rev. C. A. Pittman, of Monrovia, who accompanied him, has returned, and reports that he left Brother Oggood in good health and fine spirits, and that he considers him the right man for the work.

Rev. F. W. Flocken, the superintendent of our Bulgaria mission, reached Liverpool on the 11th ult., Paris on the 12th, and Vienna on the 18th, en route for Rastok.

Rev. P. M. Buck, and family, of the North India Conference, who have been on a health visit to the United States, are so far recovered as to warrant their return to their work. They will leave for India on the "Germanic," July 20. Their address till the time of their departure will be Minard Home, Madison, New Jersey.

Rev. J. M. Thoburn, D. D., is having a continuance of the marvelous work of God in Calcutta, which has now gone on uninterrupted for four years. He says: "We are well in Calcutta. God is with us in mercy, truth and power. Our work never looked better than at present. God has opened our way in Calcutta wonderfully; there has been no backward move for four years, but steady growth. I am looking for a day of great power in India. Would to God that some consecrated young men would come out to join our work! It is more than a marvel to me that so many men loiter round Conference doors, waiting for work, while all the world is open to them."

Rev. R. J. Kellogg, on his way to Monrovia to take charge of the Monrovia Seminary, went by steamer to Liverpool, and had a rough time of it. For three days the vessel was fearfully pounded by the sea; the cabin and staterooms were flooded; the water was constantly dashing through the skylight, though it was heavily canvassed. Four of the life-boats were broken loose, and dashed about the deck till they were useless, and on arrival at Liverpool the steamer was booked for the docks for six months for repairs. Bro. Kellogg left on May 4, on the steamship Gaboon, for Monrovia.

There is scarcely a more needy and promising field for missionary work anywhere than among the Asteo Indian population of Mexico. Brother Drees writes from Puebla, Mexico, May 2, saying: "One word about the work on this charge. I find continually opening new opportunities among the Indian towns, where by a trifling expense in making occasional visits, I can encourage the feeble beginnings and bind the people to our work. As some unforeseen obstacles have delayed up to this

time the former beginning of our work in Los Reyes, I have used a few dollars of that appropriation in making one or two visits to these new places. They manifest a very encouraging disposition to help themselves, and only ask preaching. They will never be of any considerable expense to the Missionary Society, and promise rich and enduring results. The places I have visited thus far are Apizaco, on the railroad, and Atzacala, an Indian village, some distance south of this city. In Puebla our congregation and the religious interest are well maintained. Our school has increased so rapidly that the accommodations are too limited for it."

One of our missionaries in India writes: "The famine has been, and is, raging with great destruction in this section of India. The mortality is ten times greater than usual, and hundreds of children are left homeless. The new crop just harvested seems to make but little impression on the extreme high prices for food. Everything we eat costs two or three times what we formerly paid, and our Christian community is exceedingly depressed. So far only a few Christians have died from starvation, but we have felt compelled to lend them money, and to keep them in any possible way open to us. I have never seen the time when a little money judiciously lent would give so great relief. We ourselves are living on the most simple fare, such as I never thought could be done safely, and money seems to have so very little purchasing power. We have had fresh meat only once during the past month, and there is little hope of getting any worth eating this summer. I have had to help all the preachers, and, consequently, I am rather poorly off financially; but we hope for better times. This famine cannot last all ways, though we are far from the end yet."

"The work in Budaon district is developing finely. We have just closed a series of revival meetings which have resulted in great benefit to our work. Dr. Scott gave three lectures, on the Trinity, divinity of Christ, and the uncorrupted state of the Scriptures. We held these services daily, and about a score were blessed by believing in Christ."

TEMPERANCE.

SUNDAY-SCHOOL TEMPERANCE UNION.

At the annual meeting of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union of Massachusetts, a plan of work among the children and youth was adopted, called the Sunday-school Temperance Union. It is intended to carry the pledge of total abstinence into the Sunday-schools of the State.

Believing that the Church is the power ultimately to triumph over this powerful and deadly foe, intemperance, we desire to see it arise in its might, and lift up its voice more strongly than ever before, in all its appointments. The Sunday-school can be made its most efficient weapon. From its ranks comes the future Church. If, therefore, such influences are brought to bear upon the minds of the pupils as will firmly implant principles of total abstinence, we may reasonably expect our future Churches will be a power for overcoming the foe.

The plan is extremely simple: Once in three months a temperance talk of fifteen or twenty minutes, and then the passing of the pledge to all—pastor, superintendent, teachers, adult classes, as well as children. The names enrolled should be hung upon the wall of the school-room. Then there should be a committee to design profitable, as well as pleasant, gatherings for the children, to which they can be admitted on presentation of the pledge. The first quarterly report is very imperfect, but shows a deep interest in the matter.

South Boston reports "12 Churches and 2,200 members. A concert given in May was so largely attended that three churches were needed, the speakers going from one to the other. Every Sunday-school was represented by songs, dialogues, or recitations." Providence has enrolled four schools, with 521 members. Leicester, one school, 67 members: "Much interest is manifested, and we feel we are working up a public sentiment which will be strong for temperance and for God." Plymouth: "The plan was introduced into three Sunday-schools, March 20th. One hundred and eighty-nine took the pledge. All the superintendents are interested." Mattapoisett: "Just organized, with 101 members." North Brookfield: "Two schools, 368 members; one address, 62 temperance volumes in library, three concerts." Watertown: Three schools, 353 members; 175 papers circulated, and six new volumes in library. Williamsburg: 56 children have taken the pledge, including cider, tobacco and profanity. This comprises nearly all the Protestant children in the town. Brookline: "Not fully organized, but have circulated monthly 443 temperance papers, 5,735 pages of tracts, and placed eight temperance volumes in library." Reading: "Two months' old, 130 members." Spencer: "Three schools, 278 members; 75 volumes on temperance put into library; two concerts." N. Weymouth: "One school, 100 members; one address, eight monthly papers, 15 volumes in library." Woburn: "Three schools, 322 members." Neponset: "One hundred members." Hingham: "One school, 79 members." Malden: "700 members."

Similar reports have been obtained from twenty other towns, showing deep interest in this plan of work.

Mrs. L. B. Barrett, Sec.

Commercial.

BOSTON MARKET.
WHOLESALE PRICES.
June 11, 1878.

FLOUR—Superfine, \$5.20 @ 4.00; extra, \$4.20 @ 3.00; No. 1, \$3.20 @ 2.00; No. 2, \$2.20 @ 1.00; No. 3, \$1.20 @ 0.50; No. 4, \$0.20 @ 0.10; No. 5, \$0.10 @ 0.05; No. 6, \$0.05 @ 0.02; No. 7, \$0.02 @ 0.01; No. 8, \$0.01 @ 0.005; No. 9, \$0.005 @ 0.002; No. 10, \$0.002 @ 0.001; No. 11, \$0.001 @ 0.0005; No. 12, \$0.0005 @ 0.0002; No. 13, \$0.0002 @ 0.0001; No. 14, \$0.0001 @ 0.00005; No. 15, \$0.00005 @ 0.00002; No. 16, \$0.00002 @ 0.00001; No. 17, \$0.00001 @ 0.000005; No. 18, \$0.000005 @ 0.000002; No. 19, \$0.000002 @ 0.000001; No. 20, \$0.000001 @ 0.0000005; No. 21, \$0.0000005 @ 0.0000002; No. 22, \$0.0000002 @ 0.0000001; No. 23, \$0.0000001 @ 0.00000005; No. 24, \$0.00000005 @ 0.00000002; No. 25, \$0.00000002 @ 0.00000001; No. 26, \$0.00000001 @ 0.000000005; No. 27, \$0.000000005 @ 0.000000002; No. 28, \$0.000000002 @ 0.000000001; No. 29, \$0.000000001 @ 0.0000000005; No. 30, \$0.0000000005 @ 0.0000000002; No. 31, \$0.0000000002 @ 0.0000000001; No. 32, \$0.0000000001 @ 0.00000000005; 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1990

The Farm and Garden.

HINTS FOR WORK.

[Cultured from the American Agriculturist for June.]

Haying.—There will be little hay cut in July this year, unless it is a second crop. Even at the North much has been cut already, and we must hasten to secure the rest before it is over-ripe. The grass and clover being very succulent, will need careful drying. Caring in the cock will greatly improve the quality.

Curing in the Cock will require two or three days' time. The grass or clover cut in the forenoon may be raked up before evening and thrown into windrows. These may be left until the afternoon of the next day, when they may be thrown into tall cocks, containing about 300 or 400 lbs., and left one day and night to sweat. In this condition the hay ferments and heats, and the excess of moisture is driven off. This process ripens the hay, and improves it very much. After this curing, and a little airing, there is no danger of the hay heating in the mow or stack. To keep the cocks dry

Hay Cops will be useful. These are made of a square of heavy sheeting (2 yards), with a strong cord on the edges, and having an eyelet hole at each corner. These are placed over the cocks, and tied down at each corner to pegs driven into the hay. They will turn a steady rain of 24 hours' duration, and keep the hay dry.

Grafts set this spring need to be kept watch of; often one bud will push, and this send out a long, vigorous, straight shoot, which in heavy winds will be broken or pulled out. Pinch the tops of such shoots to make them branch. Indeed, treat a graft in a tree as if it were a young tree planted in the ground. If shoots appear on the stock below the graft, break them off while yet young.

Tomatoes in garden culture should always have some kind of support. Single plants may be neatly trained by a trellis made of three barrel hoops and three stakes. Whatever support is used, it should be in place early, as when the plants become large enough to fall over, they are very unmanageable.

Beets and Carrots.—Sow the main crop, if not already in. Weed and thin when large enough.

Cabbages and Cauliflowers are greatly helped by frequent hoeing. As soon as the early crops are off, prepare the ground for celery and other late crops. The seed-beds of late cabbages should be kept free of weeds, and if slugs or insects attack them, sprinkle with ashes or lime.

Onions require frequent weeding. Our most successful cultivators find a dressing of salt, at the rate of 3 or 4 bushels to the acre, applied when the plants are 4 or 5 inches high, of benefit. For a near market, half-grown onions, in bunches of 12 to 6, according to size, are more profitable than ripe ones.

Egg-Plants should not be put out until the weather is settled warm. They need abundant manuring and constant care to keep them from destruction by the potato-bug.

Currents and Gooseberries.—Much pruning in the fall may be avoided by removing shoots which push now where stems are not needed; they are easily pulled out. Generally the bushes are too full of wood and leaves for the most abundant fruit. In some markets both these fruits bring a better price when picked green—indeed, gooseberries are rarely sold otherwise. By heavy mulching, the fruit of the currant may be kept on the bushes a long while in good condition for table use. For jelly, currants should be gathered as soon as fairly colored.

The Lawn and Paths.—The frequent use of the lawn-mower, persistent uprooting of perennial weeds, and the clean cutting of the margins, whether they border paths or beds, are all essential to the neatness of the grounds. Weeds must be kept from the paths, as well as the beds and borders, and the roller used when needed.

PRACTICAL RECIPES.

Rats will leave the premises if chloride of lime is dropped where they run. If they get it on their feet they will be careful not to travel again on the same track. If possible to reach such places, they can be driven out by means of it.

THE WAY TO EXCLUDE MOTHS.—The best way is to kill every visible moth-fly, and to keep every nook and corner clean, well-aired, and sprinkled with some trustworthy insect powder. To preserve clothes from the ravages of these pests, shake and beat them thoroughly, and remove every spot of grease. Then fasten them in newspaper, and seal each parcel from the air with muslin. Lay the parcels in a tight box or trunk, and you will find your things all right in the fall.

TO CLEAN VESSELS THAT HAVE CONTAINED KEROSENE.—Wash the vessel with this milk of lime, which forms an emulsion with the petroleum, and removes all traces of it. By washing a second time with milk of lime and a very small quantity of chloride of lime, and allowing the liquid to remain on the vessel about an hour, and then washing it with cold water, the smell may be removed. If the milk of lime be used warm instead of cold, the operation is rendered much shorter.

TO CLEANSE HAIR-BRUSHES.—Procure some hartshorn, pour it in a shallow pan with four times as much water and immerse the brushes by laying the brush flat down in the pan. Let it remain a very few moments, shaking it around a little, rinse well in pure water. This is a very neat and effectual method. Pearlash dissolved in boiling water is said to be good.

INDUSTRIAL WRITING INK.—An ink that cannot be erased even with acids is obtained by the following recipe: To good gall ink add a strong solution of fine soluble Prussian blue in distilled water. This addition makes the ink, which was previously proof against alkalis, equally proof against acids.

FACE.—A single word," said my mother, who was her unamiable temptress. "Annie, but your

face says! Some kindness, some of others of pride and others still of selfishness. Your face talking, but say pleasant things, to have them do so.

acid, and forms a writing fluid which cannot be erased without destroying the paper. The ink writes greenish blue, but afterwards turns black.

CASTOR-OIL FOR GRASSHOPPERS.—A correspondent of the Los Angeles Herald relates the effects of placing a few leaves of the castor-oil plant under trees that were being destroyed by grasshoppers. So remarkable was the result, that an actual count of the number killed under one tree showed four hundred and ninety-eight dead "hoppers," and twenty more in a dying condition. Judging from the effects so soon produced by the small portion of the leaves eaten, there must have been material enough to kill ten times as many. The poison of the leaves works rapidly, the grasshopper at once becoming stupified, and when attempts to fly, falls on his head or back, and remains prostrate until he dies.

A SIMPLE TEST FOR WATERED MILK.—A German paper gives a test for watered milk, which is simplicity itself, though we cannot vouch for it from trial. It is thus described: "A well-polished knitting-needle is dipped into a deep vessel of milk and immediately withdrawn in an upright position. If the sample is pure some of the fluid will hang to the needle, but if water has been added to the milk, even in small proportions, the fluid will not adhere to the needle."

It is claimed that eating asparagus cures people of rheumatism if they avoid all acids in food or drink. The Jerusalem artichoke is reported to have the same effect in relieving rheumatism.

Obituaries.

Mrs. FANNY THOMP died May 6, 1878, at Keene, N. H., aged 75 years and 10 months.

She was born in West Windsor, Vt., and in the year 1864 she and her companion (deceased six years ago) brought letters from their old home, and united with the M. E. Church in this place. The last prayer-meeting she attended was on Wednesday evening, three years ago last December, when she prayed with unusual earnestness and power. The next day she was stricken by paralysis, from which she never recovered; and during the last few months of her life she was quite helpless, and had but little mind.

She was a diligent woman, a faithful wife and an earnest Christian, whose religion manifested itself, not only in the uniformity of her life, but also in active and benevolent efforts for the good of others. She has given of her goods to the poor.

She and her companion were loyal Methodists, working for the best interests of the Church while living, and in their last bequests they remembered kindly the struggling Church in Keene, Montpelier Seminary, School of Theology, Boston University, Missionary and Freedmen's Aid Societies. Her life has been a record sufficient to convince any one who knew her that she has gone to be with the Lord. "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth; yea, said the Spirit, and their works may rest from their labors, and their works do follow them."

J. W. WALKER.

JOSIAH SCUDDER fell asleep in Jesus, at Osterville, Mass., Dec. 29, 1877, and thus terminated a protracted period of seven years of bodily affliction. He was born of the flesh in 1802, and of the Spirit sixteen years later.

His first connection in Church fellowship was with the Congregational Church, at Centerville. In 1846 he joined the M. E. Church, at Osterville, with which he held a connection in good standing till the day of his death. Holding the offices of steward and trustee for years, and possessing considerable of the earthly treasures, he rendered good service to the Church. Owing to ill health, he was deprived of all sanctuary privileges; but the Divine presence was manifested and felt at home, and he was greatly supported by it.

He has left a Christian wife, who possesses an ardent affection for Zion, which she manifests by a generous support in both labors and gifts. A number of children survive him, a part of whom profess saving faith in Christ. We trust that at last they all may be numbered among the Saviour's jewels.

Geo. H. BUTLER.

HANNAH PARKER departed for the heavenly home, at Osterville, Mass., Dec. 30, 1877.

She was born March 30, 1808. Her maiden name was Hannah D. Lawrence. She was converted to God at the early age of fourteen. A little subsequent to that event, while at Eastham camp-meeting, she received a full manifestation of her oneness with Christ.

The early period of her life was spent with the people of West Barnstable, but for many years her home was at Osterville, from which place she bade farewell to earthly friends for the heavenly ascension. Like the Master, she went about doing good, as many can testify. Her calling was caring for the sick, to which she was always true. As she was always kind, patient, skillful and obliging, her services were constantly sought. The many who looked to her for sympathy, counsel and watchcare, have occasion to mourn their great loss.

Her closing hours of life were peaceful, hopeful, and hallowed with perfect resignation. Jesus was precious, heaven was real. After a brief, but severe sickness, He who said, "I was sick and ye visited Me," and "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, ye have done it unto Me," took His noble handmaid unto Himself, at the early dawning of an earthly Sabbath. May it be that her mantle has fallen upon another noble woman, who shall be able to administer to the bodies and souls of the sick.

Geo. H. BUTLER.

LYDIA CROCKETT, wife of Daniel W. Crockett, was born in Gorham, Me., Oct. 21, 1805, and died in Mapleton, Me., Feb. 26, 1878, aged 73 years, 4 months, and 5 days.

Sister C. gave her heart to God under the labors of Rev. Samuel Mosher, and joined the M. E. Church, where, for more than fifty years, she remained a faithful member, after which she, with her companion, moved to Mapleton, where there was no Church of her choice. She joined the Free Will Baptist Church, where she remained until called in great peace.

J. R. MASTERMAN.

Died, in Mashapaug, Conn., March 7, 1878, MEXICA SMITH, aged 81 years and 10 months.

Mother Smith was one of the oldest members of the M. E. Church in that

place. Converted to God in early life, her integrity was indisputable with the cause of God. She loved the Church. Her heart and home were ever open to welcome the servants of God.

Her last sickness, though painful, (the result of an injury) was borne with Christian patience and resignation. Her end was peace. Having made all the arrangements for her funeral, she selected the text from which the writer was to preach, she passed triumphantly to her home on high. It was a privilege to visit her room and witness her triumph, through grace, over pain and death.

W. A. TAYLOR.

SABIN B. NORRIS was born in Chelsea, Vt., and died in Romney, N. H., March 28, 1878, aged 67 years. He was the youngest, but one, of twelve children, all of which, but that one, have gone before him.

Brother N. was a most valuable citizen, held in high esteem by all who knew him, and, especially, by those who knew him best; a true man in all the relations of life; a warm friend of the Church; a devoted and earnest Christian. He experienced the grace of salvation in early manhood, and was steadfast to the end of life. His testimony to the saving grace of God was earnest and unceasing. His removal has made a great breach in the little Church, of which he was a member, helped to organize, and loved so ardently. His end was peaceful.

J. H.

Died, at Newburgh, March 11, 1878, at the house of his son-in-law (L. W. Collins, esq.), BATHOLOMEW POTTER, in the 72d year of his age.

At the age of sixteen he was converted, and united with the Church at Eastford, Conn., under Rev. William Lively. Subsequently he removed into Massachusetts, and united with the Church at Wilbraham. Afterward, by removal, with the Churches at Three Rivers, Belchertown, Montgomery and Hadley Falls, from which he had just taken his letter to unite with the Church at Newburgh. But before he had deposited it, he was called to the fellowship of the Church triumphant in heaven.

Father Potter was an excellent man, an affectionate husband, a tender-hearted father, a kind neighbor, and an upright citizen. In every branch of his being, so far as doctrine and experience go, he was a thorough Methodist, and, best of all, he was a Christian. He so let his light shine before him that others saw his good works and were led to Christ.

His house was the home of the preachers, where they ever found a hearty welcome. He was a subscriber to ZION'S HERALD, from its first publication, and probably read every number issued up to the time of his death. His sick-room was a scene of prayer and praise, and he assured those around his dying bed that he was ready.

L. H. KING.

HANNAH WINSOR died at the home of her son-in-law (Capt. Thomas Winsor), in Boston, April 2, 1878, aged 94 years, 1 month, and 10 days.

Her maiden name was Rogers. She was born in 1783, and was married to her husband, Feb. 23, 1784, therefore embracing almost the whole of our national life, since the peace of Versailles, in which Great Britain acknowledged our independence; and she was just ten months old, when the Christiana Conference met in Baltimore, at which the M. E. Church was formed. She was, therefore, older than the Church of which she died an honored member.

She was married to Mr. Martin Winsor, of this town, Sept. 9, 1805, when Thomas Jefferson was President, when we had but three States west of the Alleghenies; but a year after Bonaparte was crowned emperor, when he was in the full tide of his astonishing successes, and two years before Nelson's victory at Trafalgar, which gave Great Britain the undoubted supremacy of the seas.

Her husband died in 1817, aged 92 years; thus preceding her but little more than a year. This would more than have entitled them to that rare honor, a diamond wedding.

She was converted to God about the beginning of 1845, and was baptized by Rev. E. D. Trask, and she joined the Church under Rev. H. C. Atwater, who was here in 1846-47. Though thus converted, when past her threescore years, yet she "enlisted for life." She never faltered in her Christian life. Her way was upward and onward from that happy hour.

She was handsome, even in her old age, straight, gracefully, and "divinely tall," and as none of her faculties decayed, except her hearing, and that but partially, her place in the house of God, which she manifested by a generous support in both labors and gifts. A number of children survive him, a part of whom profess saving faith in Christ. We trust that at last they all may be numbered among the Saviour's jewels.

Geo. H. BUTLER.

She lost a little grand-grandson, May 16, 1877, Guy Hollis, a child of great beauty and promise, of four summers, which was a severe blow to her. But they are now united in glory. Her remains were brought here for interment; and her old friend, Rev. O. Othman, preached an appropriate funeral discourse.

S. W. COGGESHALL.

Died, in Lovell, Me., April 14, 1878, SUSIE E. WEEKS, daughter of James and Lot L. Weeks, of Chatham, N. H., aged 31 years and 11 months.

The subject of this notice began the Christian life some ten years since, uniting at once with the Church, and, as I have been informed (not being personally acquainted with her), has ever borne testimony to the power of God. This comfort to her in health was not all. When disease following closely upon disease reminded Susie that her stay upon earth might be short, it did not dim her spiritual sight. She regretted that she must die away from home, but she left it all with Jesus, and confidently, cheerfully, met death when he called for her. For her to die was gain.

G. C. A.

"Vegetine,"

Says a Boston physician, "has no equal as a blood purifier. Hearing of its many wonderful cures after all other remedies had failed, I visited the Laboratory, and convinced myself of its genuine merit. It is prepared from pure herbs, and each of which is highly effective, and they are compounded in such a manner as to produce astonishing results."

VEGETINE

Is the great Blood Purifier. Will cure the worst case of Scrofula. Is recommended by physicians and apothecaries.

VEGETINE

Has effected some marvellous cures in cases of Cancer.

VEGETINE

Cures the worst cases of Cancer.

VEGETINE

Meets with wonderful success in Mercurial diseases.

VEGETINE

Will eradicate Salt Rheum from the system.

VEGETINE

Removes Pimples and Humors from the face.

VEGETINE

Cures Constipation and regulates the bowels.

VEGETINE

Is a valuable remedy for Headache.

VEGETINE

Will cure Dyspepsia.

VEGETINE

Removes the cause of Dizziness.

VEGETINE

Relieves Painfulness in the Stomach.

VEGETINE

Cures Pains in the Back.

VEGETINE

Effectually cures Kidney Complaint.

VEGETINE

Is effective in its cure of Female Weakness.

VEGETINE

Is the great remedy for General Debility.

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Is acknowledged by all classes of people to be the best and most reliable blood purifier in the world.

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FOR THE WEAK,

NERVOUS AND

DEBILITATED!

The afflicted can now be restored to perfect health and bodily energy, at home, without the use of medicine of any kind.

PULVERMACH'S

ELECTRIC BELTS

AND BANDS.

For self-application to any part of the body, meet every requirement.

The most learned physicians and scientific men of Europe and this country indorse them.

These tested Curative Appliances have now stood the test for upward of thirty years, and are provided by Letters Patent in all the principal countries of the world. They are simple, and have been found the most valuable, safe, simple, and efficient known treatment for the cure of diseases.

READER, ARE YOU AFFLICTED?

and wish to recover the same degree of health, strength, and energy as experienced by those who have used the following symptoms or class of symptoms meet your disease condition? Are you suffering from indigestion, loss of appetite, and nervousness, or from any of the following: Headache, neuralgia, or aches and pains? Do you feel nervous, debilitated, fretful, timid, and lack the power of will and action? Are you subject to loss of memory, have spells of fainting, fullness of blood in the head, feel listless, nervous, and irritable? Do you feel weary, and subject to fits of melancholy? Are your kidneys, stomach, or blood, in a diseased condition? Do you suffer from rheumatism, neuralgia, or aches and pains? Do you feel nervous, debilitated, fretful, timid, and lack the power of will and action? Are you subject to loss of memory, have spells of fainting, fullness of blood in the head, feel listless, nervous, and irritable? Do you feel weary, and subject to fits of melancholy? 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